

THE COLLEGIAN

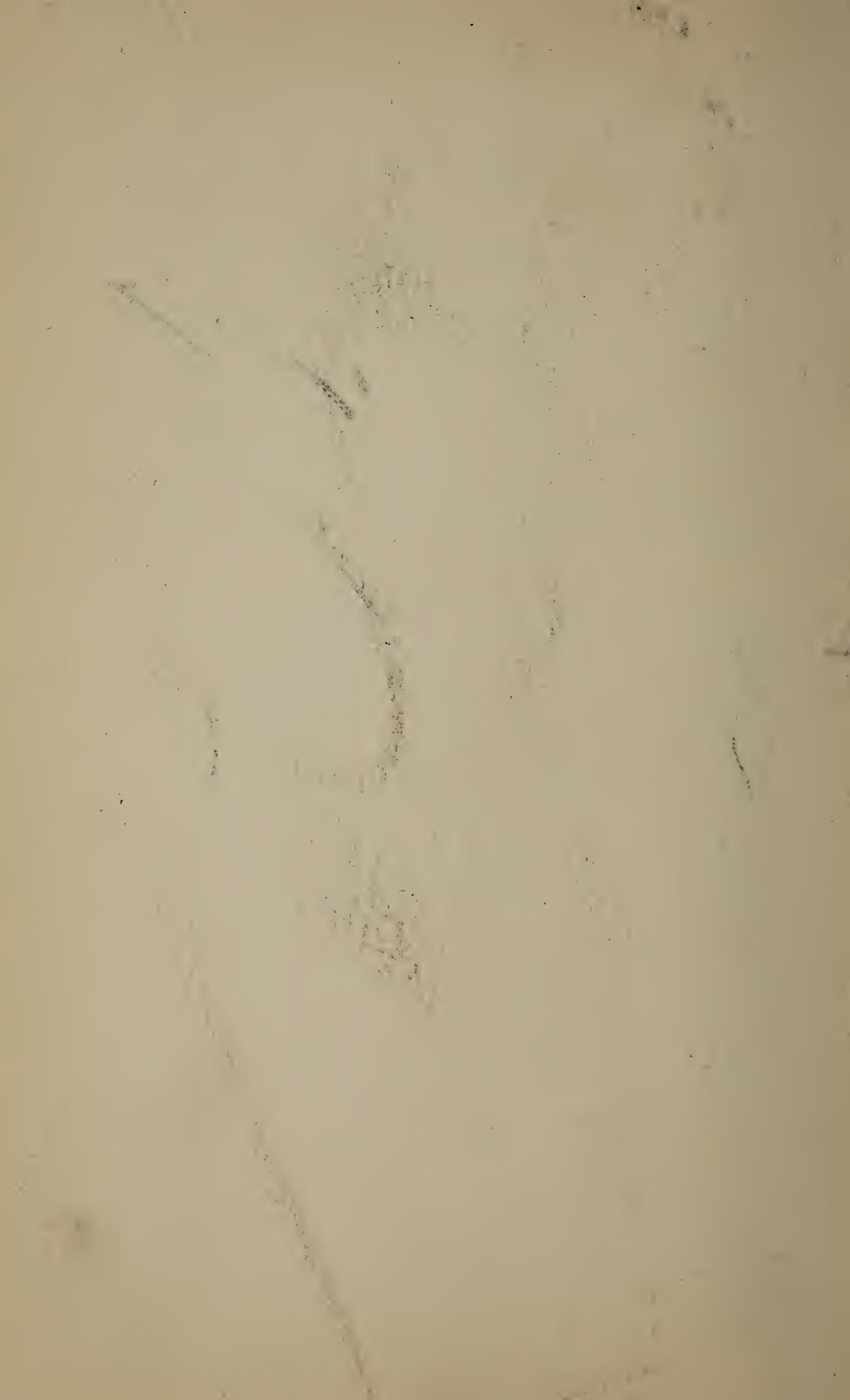


FILE

DECEMBER 1927

Contents

Dulcis Infans -----	81
Mrs. Blake's Christmas Party -----	82
Queen Elizabeth Dines -----	87
A Christmas Carol -----	93
A Christmas Prophecy -----	93
Idylls of the Sea -----	97
Editorial -----	100
Exchanges -----	102
Library Notes -----	105
Societies -----	108
Alumni Notes -----	115
Athletics -----	116
Free Air—Hot and Otherwise -----	121
Advertisements -----	124



THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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Dulcis Infans

O'er snow-blown fields of winter chill!
The angel's message clear,
Rang out to tell the birth of Christ,
"Good will to men, to all good cheer."

'Ere echoes fleetly died away
O'er keen, brisk, frozen air,
There knelt at Bethle'ms lowly cave
The shepherds bowed in prayer.

The tiny Babe of beauty rare
Then blessed them smiling sweet;
Departing once more to their flocks
" 'Tis God," they said, "we greet."

Lo! Christ is born, our Savior meek,
Our sins to purge away;
The mighty King of earth and heaven,
Has come to us this day.

—Marcellus Foltz, '28.

Mrs. Blake's Christmas Party



Several light snowstorms early in December had left the earth wrapped in a blanket of the purest white, and the cold clear days that followed were enough to make everybody happy because the unusually joyous feast of Christmas, which always demands snow and brisk weather in order to give it a perfect setting, was again at hand. Among those

who were looking forward to the holidays with keen anticipation of pleasure were Mr. and Mrs. Blake, a rather elderly couple. As there were three children in the family, the parents decided that a little Christmas party would be most delightful.

"You see, John," said Mrs. Blake, "we've been asked to several parties and dinners since we've lived here and it seems only proper that we, too, should prepare a little entertainment."

"You're right, Annie," replied her husband slowly; "but there are so many of us, and my salary is—. But after all, Christmas comes but once a year. Certainly, you're right, Annie, we'll have a party. Let's tell the children about it. Ben and Elizabeth and Josephine will have the fun of looking forward to the event."

Everyone in the little household began to work with earnestness in preparation for the party. Whom should they invite? There were the well-to-do families in the neighborhood as well as Mr. Blake's employers, and especially Father O'Connell, the good parish priest.

Christmas eve at length arrived and the huge tree that Mr. Blake had purchased was arranged in the parlor. The presents for the guests were hung upon the branches, and when all was finished, which was not before midnight, the family retired with weary limbs, but in joyful anticipation of the morrow. Early the following morning the Blakes were all astir, full of the spirit of Christmas Day. There were shouts of Christmas greetings as well as exchanges of presents, but in every heart the chief thought centered on the party. Five o'clock—the appointed hour—came. Mrs. Blake had daintily prepared her little children for the event. The hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Blake beat hard and fast, but excitement was not confined to the interior of the Blake home. When the brilliant Christmas tree was placed in the parlor, close to the front window, more than a dozen ragged children from the neighborhood gathered on the walk outside and gazed in astonishment at the wonderful sight in the window. It was already a quarter past five, but none of the guests had arrived.

"Still," sighed Mrs. Blake, "fashion demands that guests should be late."

Meanwhile the crowd outside increased rapidly. To please the poor little creatures, Mr. Blake lighted two of the Christmas-tree candles, whereupon a timid shout of delight greeted his ears. The kind Mr. Blake's heart warmed toward the children outside, and one after another he lighted the remaining candles. The whole family had become so deeply interested in the little outcasts that they forgot to look at the clock on the mantel. When Josephine glanced at it, she exclaimed suddenly: "It's half past five."

The Blakes gazed at one another blankly. One big tear slowly rolled down Mrs. Blake's cheek, then dropped off. Mr. Blake sat down and glanced about the prettily decorated room. Suddenly, a thought occurred to him.

"Annie," he said softly to his wife as he put his arms around her, "since the well-to-do folks haven't accepted our invitation, let's welcome the little ones?" And he pointed toward the waifs outside the window. Unable to answer in words, Mrs. Blake nodded her whole-hearted assent.

Mr. Blake stepped to the front door and in his pleasant, fatherly way called to the ragged children: "Wouldn't you like to come in and look at the Christmas tree? Come in, all of you."

Then he led the way into the warm, cheerful room. The timid children hung back at first, but soon entered bravely. In the joyous confusion that followed, the good hosts completely forgot the miscarriage of their plans. Before long, Mrs. Blake had held every child in her motherly arms, and her husband was having the time of his life among the little guests. He gave them presents, filled their pockets with candy, talked, laughed, and patted them in genuine love. Tin whistles and horns were blowing, and the joyous spirit of Christmas prevailed throughout the house.

"And now, my little friends," said Mr. Blake, "we'll have a little lunch in the back room."

But just as the words left his mouth, there came a sharp ring at the doorbell.

"Someone's at the door!" gasped Mrs. Blake. "Elizabeth, go to the door and see who it is! Land sakes, what a mess this parlor's in."

"It's Father O'Connell, pa!" cried Elizabeth, throwing open the parlor door.

And Father O'Connell came forward with outstretched hand. Catching a glimpse of Mrs. Blake's embarrassed face, he quickly exclaimed: "Isn't this fine! I was just walking past and saw your tree through the window, and couldn't resist the compelling welcome. You won't mind, will you?"

"Mind—you!" said Mrs. Blake in astonishment. "Why of course not—only you—you are so late—we didn't expect—"

The priest looked puzzled.

"The invitation was for five, you know, Father."

"But I received no invitation!" said the pastor, still confused.

Mr. Blake, who had heartily greeted the good pastor and had listened with amazement to this conversation, now turned to Ben. For a moment Ben looked as puzzled as the rest. Then his face fell and he flushed to the roots of his hair.

"I—I—must have—forgot—" he stammered.

"Forgotten what?" asked his father.

"The invitations—they're in my desk now! I forgot to—mail them!" said Ben in a despairing tone.

Father O'Connell's jovial little laugh rang out. "So that's why nobody came!" he explained briefly. "But who—who has been having such a good time here, then?"

Mr. Blake led the priest to the door of the next room, and pointed to the happy children. It was now the kind pastor's turn to be touched. "I suppose,"

said Mr. Blake, "they'd like to have you sit down with 'em—if you don't mind?"

Mind! Mind? Off came Father O'Connell's overcoat in a twinkling, and with Mr. and Mrs. Blake he seated himself with the poor but happy children. Mr. Blake signalled to Father O'Connell, and the good pastor responded by asking a blessing upon the little ones gathered there. A momentary silence followed, and then the enjoyment began anew. Kind words filled every heart to overflowing with joy.

Outside the snow had begun to fall, each tiny flake whispering softly as it touched the earth that Christmas night, "peace—peace!" In a short time, more than a dozen happy faces emerged from Mrs. Blake's Christmas party; happy, because they had become the unconscious partakers of Christmas merriment and joviality; happy, because their understanding of Christmas was the more complete.

—Charles Spalding, '29



Queen Elizabeth Dines

From authoritative chroniclers we learn that Queen Elizabeth of England had four inordinate loves which in turn influenced her life and actions to a very marked degree. These four loves that contributed greatly toward making her a fickle and often a vacillating sovereign were respectively: her love of power together with the pomp and the eclat which accompany it; her innate craving for masculine adulation, which caused her to surround herself with the very best of youthful English manhood; her torturing devotion to Robert Devereux, the capricious Earl of Essex, which may easily account for her many rather stupid blunders; and, lastly, her very engrossing love of food, and drink,—life's material cheer.

It is with this last variety of her loves that we shall chiefly concern ourselves in this outline, for the bit of canvas allowed for this sketch will not permit more than the taking of a mere glimpse at even this, the most insignificant of royal traits. However trivial this particular trait may appear to us, yet in the life of Queen Elizabeth it played a role of paramount importance. Her meals must be served punctually, and that, too, with care and regal pomp. She might stint and save in other directions; she might be niggardly in paying out money for services; she might cavil with her fiery generals and lieutenants about the expenditure of a hundred pounds that were to go toward a military expedition, but at no time would she show any inclination to complain because of the expenses required to keep the royal kitchen up to the highest mark of efficiency.

The lives of prominent people are often obsessed by trifling weaknesses that would be pitiful, if by their very nature these shortcomings were not rather amusing. Thus, it is maintained that Alexander Pope developed an uncontrollable affection for a small silver saucepan in which he was accustomed to boil potted lampreys; De Quincey loved his opium so well that it must have assisted him materially in writing the "Suspiria de Profundis," and Queen Elizabeth took such evident satisfaction in a well-set table that the most important matters of state must not dare to interfere with the satiating of her appetite. It so happened, however, that at one time something did interfere, and the incident was by no means a trivial affair. Her life was at stake, though she failed to recognize the fact. To make matters worse for her, it was just before the supper hour that the occurrence took place. She had cited the Earl of Essex to an interview. Her petty opposition to his plans which he laid before her—an opposition arising more from a fondling affection, than from good judgment—caused the desperate Earl to turn his back upon her, for which she soundly boxed his earlish ears. In an instant the Earl veered about with drawn sword in hand, and avowed that he would have run her through if another courtier had not bodily interposed. The affair spoilt her supper and spoilt it badly.

How much confusion the incident must have caused in the routine of the palace will become evident when we consider the extensive preparations that always preceded the consuming of a royal meal. The utmost precaution was taken that everything should be in proper readiness. It must not be supposed that the Queen partook of her meals at a large

banqueting table. No, she ate alone, and that always when in the palace. Flanking her private dining room, there was in each of the six palaces where she abode at different seasons of the year, a big roomy hall in which processions could easily be organized. On a dealboard in this hall preparations were made for setting the Queen's private table. From an eyewitness, who has left a considerable record of the affair, we learn that the serving of a royal meal was carried out in something like the following manner. First, a tall, well-dressed manservant, who carried in his hand a white staff, the symbol of authority, entered the great hall. With him came a menial who brought a snow-white tablecloth. The cloth was spread, and the two retired. Now came a countess and with her a maid-servant who carried a silver saltcellar, several slices of bread, and a plate heavily lined with gold. This gold, like most of the gold in England during the latter half of the sixteenth century, had the tang of the Spanish Main about it. The old pirate, Francis Drake, knew this to be a fact. Besides, it is highly probable that it was known to him that Queen Elizabeth was aware of the fact. To obtain this gold was a matter of allowing one thief to rob another thief, but for all that, the Queen's dining plate shown with its usual luster. There being nothing further to do for the countess and her assistant, they departed. Described as being exceptionally beautiful—a real Ah! and a real Oh!—a court lady entered the hall alone, approached the dealboard, shook the salt on the plate, crumbled the bread over it, and proceeded to rub the plate hard with this mixture. Many attempts had been made to poison the Queen, and this practice belonged to the numerous precautions always taken against poisoning.

A spectacle worth seeing was now staged. The beautiful lady had no more than gone, when in came a full hundred stalwart men, who were known as the official tasters of the royal food. At length the service trays were brought to the dealboard loaded to the rim with beef, mutton, veal, capon, conies, and baked meats in great variety. A second course brought fish, lamb, fowls; among the last mentioned were larks, snipes, doves, and added to these were tarts, fritters, cakes, bread, custards, pie a la mode, and last of all (there was no prohibition) genuine beer and sparkling Burgundy. In all there were regularly twenty-five dishes, and at times even more. After the hundred tasters had taken their twenty-five mouth-fulls apiece, the trays were conveyed to the Queen's private dining room, for, after this trial had been made, and none of the hundred men took a cramp in his stomach, there was surely no poison in any of the food. Whatever portion of the dishes the Queen did not choose for herself was brought to the members of the royal household. Naturally from this generous supply all who were in any way connected with the palace service could be well fed and were well fed.

Judging from the enormous quantity of food that was brought to Queen Elizabeth's table at meal times, the impression might easily arise that she was an excessive eater. Those, who even in her later years, held to admiring her as a queen, would have us believe that, in spite of her remarkable table supply, she was sparing in food and drink; those, who, on the contrary, were given to admiring her personal proportions, especially in later life, would have us believe that she was a gormand. May this stand for what it is worth; Queen Elizabeth believed in three square

meals a day. It was not customary with her to take one or two luncheons, as they are now called, in the run of the day, and a so-called dinner towards evening. With her it was breakfast, dinner, and supper. If in other respects her good judgment and personal character may be impeached, in regard to the stand she took for three square meals a day, however, credit must be given her for hard common sense.

When the meal had ended, immediately the members of the royal household fell into ranks for a procession to the palace chapel. Courtiers, who wished to stand in favor with the Queen, must not absent themselves too often from these processions. Like other things in connection with the life of Queen Elizabeth, this prayer march must be a grand spectacle. At the head of the parade went a marquis bearing the usual white staff, the symbol of royal power. Immediately following came three persons of rank, one of whom carried the crown on a plush cushion, while on either side of him walked the other two, one with the royal scepter, the other with the sword of England. Next in order came persons of inferior rank, after whom followed the great Lords and Officers of the Queen. Last of all came the Queen surrounded by her maids of honor. The prayers said in the chapel on these occasions were extremely brief, and the very short time spent in them hardly interrupted the easy progress of the procession back to the hall where the Queen, Officers, Lords, servants, and menials, one and all, dispersed to betake themselves to the various duties assigned to them.

Taken all in all, the meals of the Queen and of her household, the orderly procession to the chapel, the punctual care of affairs of every nature gave the impression that the English Court during the days of

Queen Elizabeth was the most orderly court to be found in Europe. This impression may have served as a mantle to cover up other matters that were seriously reprehensible in connection with the English Court of that time, and the mantle certainly did serve as a very effectual covering, and it still holds secret under its massive folds many a savory scandal.

From what has been said it is evident what a grand display the Earl of Essex on one occasion ruined by his naughty conduct. Queen Elizabeth, undoubtedly, was brought to much painful grief by the haughtiness of her pet Earl; her violent and ill-suppressed attachment for him was as intense as it was futile, and, no doubt, widened the wrinkles that had already ruffled her brow because of the perplexing situation into which she had brought herself by the imprisonment of the Queen of Scots; her own duplicity which frequently lead to the breaking of confidence which she reposed in others; misadventures in affairs of state, and the fact that she found herself lonely and without love for which she had craved for a lifetime—all these matters may have hardened the wrinkles on her brow into irremovable blemishes—but after all, if we except the very last days of her life, these matters could not destroy the gratification and satisfaction secured to her by that particular fourth love of hers, namely, the love for a substantial and regal feast in every sense of the word.

—Cornelius Flynn, '29.

A Christmas Carol

Angel hosts in solemn night
Greeted Thee, oh holy Light!
Angel choirs in song serene
Heralded thy birth terrene;
Angel hearts content to pray,
Welcomed Thee on Christmas day.

To the Christ-Child King we raise
Everlasting hymns of praise!
Jesus, infant King sublime,
Jesus, mighty Lord divine!
Crown our souls with love for Thee,
Make us know true Christmas glee.

Infant Love, diffuse Thy life,
Heal the wounds of human strife;
Like the shepherds bowed in prayer
May we banish ev'ry care;
Angel tidings guide us still—
“Peace on earth; to men good will.”

—Caspar Heimann, '28

A Christmas Prophecy

JOHN Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor of England under Henry VII, held in common with his contemporaries that Christmas should be a time of universal joy; that cares, dignities and honors should be laid aside; and that all should unite in diffusing Yuletide spirit.

From the earliest centuries of our era, the world has applauded these sentiments, but at no other time has it ever practiced them to the same extent as in the Middle Ages. Just as the youth, entering upon manhood, looks back wistfully upon the happy, never-to-be-repeated Christmas joys of his boyhood, so the world today regards with longing the happy Yule-celebrations of its Mediaeval childhood.

It was Christmas eve, 1491. The Cardinal, in spite of his seventy Yules, (for that was his favorite way of stating his age) had planned with all the enthusiasm of a child a Christmas celebration more bountiful and mirthful than ever before. During Christmas time his entire household, atheling and yeoman, rich and poor, cleric and lay, celebrated together as one large family. Even the theoretical democracy of our own day cannot rival the practical Christmas democracy of the Middle Ages. The gigantic Yule log had already been brought in and kindled. What a monster it was! But there was a reason for its mammoth size. Day and night it was to flame, and as long as it remained unconsumed, the servants had ale at their meals. Consequently, they provided a large, knotty, birch trunk for the occasion. It burned in the spacious baronial hall of the Cardinal's palace, where all were assembled, awaiting the arrival of His Eminence. As the door opened and the Cardinal entered, all rose, greeted him, and then sang:

“Now make we mirth
For Christ’s birth
And sing we Yule till Candlemass.”

In an adjoining room an anxious discussion was being held. Some of the servants were preparing for the Yule play, which was to be presented that evening. Just at the last moment, Guy Hawkes, who

was to be Lord of Misrule, the principal participant, had been found in a deep slumber, utterly incapacitated: the result of too much Christmas ale. The players were panic-stricken.

"His Lordship will be sorely angered," they whispered. "'Twill mar the joy of his day, if he finds that his favorite Hawkes has again taken to drink."

In the doorway stood young Thomas More, a boy of fourteen, who had recently entered the Cardinal's household as a page. He looked sadly at Hawkes; then addressed himself to the other players:

"Let me be Lord of Misrule. I have seen this play often, and shall have no trouble whatsoever with the part."

In spite of their dismay, the players laughed hilariously. A good Christmas jest indeed! Thomas looked quite serious and entirely unabashed. Just then the signal to begin came from the hall. In a twinkling Thomas snatched up the Lord's cloak and cap, hastily put them on, and danced out into the ivy-decorated hall, followed by the bewildered players.

The onlookers were aghast to see the new page as Lord of Misrule. The Cardinal, recognizing Thomas, inquired of his neighbor:

"Well, where is the knave Hawkes, and what is my page doing in his place? What meaneth this—?"

An outburst of laughter drowned out his words. Thomas had spoken the opening lines of his part so humorously as to set the whole audience laughing. The Cardinal then watched him with deep interest and amusement. Thomas displayed no nervousness or excitement; he was at perfect ease. Whatever portion of his part he did not know, he supplied by his own wit. His insertions were sure to carry a sly

joke or witticism, so that the play, so often witnessed before, took on an entirely new aspect of mirth and jollity. The last carol was sung without anyone's guessing that Thomas's substitution was purely accidental.

An hour later the bell rang out clearly from the belfry of the nearby monastery. A short time after, actors and audience were assembled in the monastery chapel, devoutly listening to the Matins and Lauds, chanted by the Cardinal and the monks. Only after this religious part of the mediaeval Christmas celebration has been well contemplated, will it be possible for anyone to explain and to experience the genuine joy that was felt by Christian people in centuries now long past. The Lauds having been finished, the Cardinal sang the Midnight Mass, which was followed almost immediately by the shepherds' Mass. Now all departed for their homes, only to assemble again at daybreak to attend the sunrise Mass.

Thomas waited at the banquet which the Cardinal gave in honor of some of England's nobles. During the meal the Cardinal repeatedly addressed Thomas and on one occasion remarked to his companions:

"This child here waiting at the table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvelous man." Little did the Cardinal surmise how literally his words would be fulfilled.

Then beckoning to Thomas, he said:

"Wouldst care to go to Oxford, Thomas?"

Thomas's eyes beamed. Even his ready wit found no answer to the Cardinal's unexpected question, but his joyful smile gave the grateful acceptance.

That Christmas, in a sense, marked the beginning of Blessed Thomas More's renowned career as statesman and saint.

—Edward Siegman, '28.

Idylls of the Sea

If the definition of an idyll involves nothing more than the statement that this species of poetry is brief in form, descriptive in nature, rural or rustic in material; then the definition will fall short of its purpose when applied to Stoddard's "South Sea Idylls." Rare emotional quality, together with real musical diction, makes these idylls the finest pieces of literature that could reach the hand of an appreciative public,—if, indeed, the public may be said to be able to appreciate good literature.

Should anyone really desire to refill the cup of youth with its golden pleasures; should he really desire to be carried far away from care and trouble; should he earnestly want to forget, if but for a moment, the restraining ties of worry and responsibility, then let him but take up the "South Sea Idylls" and indulge his mind in passages like the following which describes a surf-board rider: "As it rose he climbed to the top of it, and there in the midst of foam seething like champagne, on the crest of a rushing sea avalanche about to crumble and dissolve beneath him, his surf-board hidden in spume, on the very top bubble of all, Kahile danced like a shadow. He leaped to his feet and swam in the air, another Mercury, tiptoeing a heaven-kissing hill, buoyant as vapor; and with a suggestion of invisible wings about him, Kahile was transformed for a moment, but for a moment only; the next second my daring sea-skater leaped ashore, with a howling breaker swashing at his feet. It was something glorious and almost incredible."

Gems, similiar to the one just quoted, may be

found on every page of these charming sea idylls. What pleasant reading, therefore, has not Stoddard furnished especially for the time occupied by those lazy old summer days when all the world appears to be in apathy of everything, and when both the good and the bad seems to have gone to sleep! Seasons, times, and places, however, exert no influence upon the appeal made by Stoddard in his idylls. If they are entertaining during the bright sunshine of summer days they are no less inspiring on a dark, bleak winter's night, with the mercury hovering about zero; with blasts blowing roughly down from the north; with snow and sleet pelting the window panes. Under such circumstances, who would not feel perfectly content when lolling at ease in a well-padded chair before a blazing, cheerful fireplace with Stoddard as a companion to rehearse the stories which he has so admirably detailed in his "*South Sea Idylls?*" What greater pleasure could even a Napoleon crave?

Ever seeking new vistas, new worlds to conquer, Stoddard allows his sea idylls to bubble buoyantly and joyfully onward. They display the spirit of eternal youth; they suggest no care as to what tomorrow may bring; they make no attempt to divine what the future holds in store. Innocent, merry, carefree they skip over sky-piercing mountain peaks, through beautiful, orange-blossom laden valleys, over dreamy languid lotus-fringed lagoons. Like the iridescent mist that rises in the sunlight at the base of waterfalls, all engrossed in its own beauty, so the work of Stoddard, as represented in his idylls, holds within itself a promise, glimmering and mysterious, which sharpens the reader's appetite for new and ever thrilling adventures. His idylls are

a world in themselves,—the beautiful world of the imagination—and he who enters this world will care little whilst he is in it, what the big, cold, outside world may have to do, or may have to say.

“The South Sea Idylls” glow with an intimate personal touch, which so captivates the reader that he gradually seems to lose his identity and to become merged into the very personality of the author. Stories of adventure are numerous, but the most of them are too uninviting, too objective, too fantastic to allow the reader to enter into the situations which they portray. Not so with Stoddard. He absorbs the reader into himself, and thus carries him along at first hand through every thrilling and glorious adventure, and that, too, with such a feeling of reality, as will bar everything fantastic and unreal, and as will make the reader regret that he must part company with the author when the book is finally finished and must be laid aside.

What book more charming; what book more engrossing, than “South Sea Idylls?” The agreeable settings, the languid and delicious beauty of these idylls, together with their dreamy, ever changing atmosphere, make up a sum of qualities that may be equalled in other and similar literary productions, but certainly will rarely be excelled. The reader, moreover, will find the influences which these idylls exert upon his mind as surely soothing as is a mother’s love to infant tears; as surely refreshing as is the “lomi—lomi” which Stoddard so vividly describes, quite in accord with the requirements of his personal, changing disposition and mood. Hence the popularity of these idylls. To read them means to look on beauty rare.

Richard Aubry, '29.

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It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Rev. Meinrad Koester, C. PP. S. ----- Faculty Director

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EDITORIAL



Christmas! Christmas! Oh the joy of that one word! What boundless treasures lie hidden under the cloak of that magic name! No other season of the year brings with it greater joy and more unalloyed happiness. Every heart beats in accord with the subtle charm of Christmas, thrills in response to its solemn and sacred meaning, blends

in childlike enthusiasm with its merry-making, and lifts the mind to a state of hallowed enjoyment.

Christmas gains half its charm from the setting of its season. A mantle of spotless snow usually covers the earth. Wherever we turn Christmas trimmings feast our eyes. There at the fireside stands a miniature evergreen forest; then there are hoards of nuts and candy and sweets with games and toys to be admired. For the children Christmas is a day of endless realities; two weeks, or perhaps more, of hushed expectancy are past and Santa Claus has made more happy hearts than all the heroes of fairyland. Grown-ups and children alike enjoy his presence and love to hear his reindeers sweep by in the gale.

But what is this mysterious and solemn influence which so holds man in suspense? It is the magnetic irresistibility of love—love of God for His creatures and their mutual respect in the spirit of good will and friendship. “Peace on earth, good will to men” are words that still hold a magnetic power. As we stand with the shepherds around the crib on Christmas morning, earth and heaven for one day in the year seem to be whispering to each other. By a miracle of love, the Prince of Peace has become man, and exerts His benign influence on every heart. Oh the magnificence of humility! Human intellect marvels at God’s power and wisdom and bows in solemn thanksgiving for His boundless love.

As the Christmas bells ring out their glorious tidings, so the spirit of Christmas awakens great joy in the heart of our common humanity. Every thought is a prayer and with the angels we repeat, “Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will.” Christmas! May the rays of this brightest star in winter’s diadem shed a ray of gladness into every human heart. “Merry Christmas to you all,” says the Collegian.

Exchanges

BY way of contrast with the adverse criticism received by the Collegian at home, it may be well to quote from comments made by other school journals. Writes the **Purple and White**: "The Collegian might without fear of exaggeration be termed an embodiment of lofty thought garbed in the choicest of diction." And the **Sigma**: "Your October issue is worthy of much praise. The literary section is deserving of special notice." We are grateful for these and for other encouraging comments we have received.

We are pleased to welcome the **University of Dayton Exponent** to our exchange list. While the appearance and form of its October issue are highly praiseworthy, its content was partially disappointing. Naturally, for a university journal, our standard of criticism is markedly higher than for a High School paper. The editorials, exchanges, and poems measure up well to this standard, but the story and essays fall short of it, due, we believe, to a slight lack of care on the part of the writers. Future issues of the **Exponent** will without doubt approximate or surpass the ideal that we have set for a journal of its kind.

The color scheme of the **Purple and White**, Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario, is catchy. Concerned, as it is, primarily with local happenings, its appeal is somewhat limited. Its editorials and articles, however, display a high standard of literary expression.

The Marymount College Sunflower of Marymount College, Salina, Kansas, and the Marywood College Bay Leaf, Marywood College, Scranton, Pennsylvania, are examples of what painstaking work can accomplish in college journalism. Far better is a well-written, polished quarterly, filled with matter of high quality, than a sick, under-nourished weekly, that has the earmarks of hurried and careless work. The deep thought and artistic expression in both the Sunflower's and the Bay Leaf's stories and essays make their reading a pleasure and inspiration.

The Sigma of Spalding Institute, Peoria, Illinois, is a very neat, artistic journal, packed with interesting and educational subject matter. "The Candle" and the untitled story, which we might have called "Static" have ingenious plots.

The Blue and Gold of Marist College, Atlanta, Georgia, deserves an outstanding place among our exchanges. "Cupid, the Miracle Man" is quite a good working-over of an old plot. The editorial on school spirit, while especially applicable to football, might well be applied to any school activity. As the writer forcefully puts it: "It's a dead cinch that a game without some moral support is what Sherman said war was."

To criticize as many of our exchanges as space permits, and not to comment on the same paper twice, as long as others have gone unreviewed, is our intention. But we must revert to the Black and Red of Northwestern College, Watertown, Wisconsin. The quotations from German, French, Latin, and Greek as found in the Black and Red, one and all

appear sufficiently learned, but they shock our taste a bit. When, however, the same journal expects us to swallow an expression given in real Chinese, then our patience becomes taut. There can be no doubt that neither Teucer nor Moliere would object to finding their words properly translated into good English, but when it comes to Chinese, well, a Chinaman plainly dare not object. Of course, an entire essay in a foreign language is a laudable attempt, such as that on German nationality in America, written in splendid German. Apart from this minor objection, our admiration for the **Black and Red** is unusually great. It affords solid food for thought along with high grade interest and amusement. We are particularly indebted to the Exchange Editor, whose pages exemplified the work of a man who knows how to handle his task.

We are grateful also for the following exchanges: Gothic, Detroit, Mich.; Rensselaerien, Rensselaer, Ind.; Mother Seton Journal, Mt. St. Joseph, Ohio; Echo, Easton, Pa.; Burr, Philadelphia, Pa.; Wag, Jacksonville, Ill.; Notre Dame News, Cleveland, Ohio; Loyola News, Chicago, Ill.; Campionette, Prairie du Chien, Wis.; Nazarene, Nazareth, Mich.; St. Joseph's Gleaner, Hinsdale, Ill.; Wendelette, Fostoria, Ohio; Periscope, Subiaco, Ark.; Old Gold and Purple, New Orleans, La.; Blue and White, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Centric, Toledo, Ohio; Brown and White, Mt. Healthy, Ohio.

Library Notes

Shakespeare's fools are often wiser than his princes. A similar situation may be said to obtain in the realm of the essay, for often the essayist who dons the jester's motley garb writes more sanely and wisely, than does the essayist who assumes the purple robe of ponderous learning. The rich vein of humor which usually runs through an essay comprises within itself one of the many reasons for that remarkable charm which this type of literature commonly possesses. Closely allied to humor in making the essay a pleasant, as well as a profitable diversion, is the savor of personality, "the rich bouquet of personality" which Christopher Morley calls, "the fine flavor and genius of the essay."

Essay reading is much like paying a call to a learned, yet very human friend. The essay is a friendly chat on the part of the writer with his reader. Inasmuch as one thought suggests another; there is a continual change of subject, resulting in that pleasing variety which one finds in the course of a conversation with a cultured friend. Within the range of almost any essay, other essayists are introduced, and very soon, in place of meeting merely one friend during the time spent in his visit, the reader has made a large number of acquaintances who very insistently urge him on to make further pleasant visits. A delightful feature of these visits is the fact that they never last long enough to bore the caller, but just continue long enough to fit snugly within an half-hour, or at most, within an hour of leisure.

Samuel McChord Crothers, who ranks among the best of American essayists, says: "The finding of an

essay after one's heart is a happy accident, and one cannot lay out a course of happy accidents." Dr. Crothers, moreover, has written a little booklet of thirty odd pages on the modern essay in which he points out the places where these happy accidents are most likely to be encountered. To find one of these places the reader need but take up Christopher Morley's collection of essays, namely, the collection entitled "Modern Essays." Not the least interesting part of Morley's selections in this volume is the preface by the editor himself; the preface, in fact, holds equal rank with the best of the essays he has chosen to gather. The short introductory prefaces, moreover, that hold place at the head of the several essays in this collection, make the reader feel that he is spending a delightful evening in Mr. Morley's private library. It is a real delight to see Mr. Morley pluck his favorites from the various shelves; to hear him talk about them; to hear him, now and then, read an extract aloud from their works.

In order that the reader may place himself in a happy frame of mind when he is about to peruse "Modern Essays," he should turn to page one hundred and forty-five of this volume and there read Stephen Leacock's "Decline of the Drama." After this venture, the reader may choose at random. It is to be noted, however, that one reader found "Holy Ireland" by Joyce Kilmer the most enjoyable among these essays; besides he feels persuaded that others, be their names O'Connor, Raskowski, Zurschmeide, or Smith, will find this essay equally as enjoyable as he found it to be. In this collection, furthermore, an essay, "A Clergyman," by Max Beerbohm shows how a topnotch essayist can take a seemingly trivial subject and make an admirable piece of literature out of

it. Christopher Morley's collection contains many more essays quite as interesting as those that have been referred to in this section.

A number of the best essays that have appeared in the Atlantic Monthly in recent years have been gathered under the title of "Atlantic Classics," of which there are two series. As in Christopher Morley's collection, "Modern Essays," the very personal essay, "The Mowing of a Field," has been introduced for the sake of those who love the open spaces, so in the first series of the "Atlantic Classics" the equally personal essay, "The Street," by Simeon Strunsky has been selected for the sake of those who love the hustle and bustle of crowded city streets. Those who have witnessed the production of "Ben Hur" on stage or screen, or have read the novel, should find Meredith Nicholson's "The Provincial American" deeply interesting because of the intimate personal portrayal it gives of the author of "Ben Hur." To Hoosiers in particular "The Provincial American" should make a mighty appeal. Holding a place equal in rank with the essays already mentioned may be found "Our Lady Poverty" by Agnes Repplier. This essay should really serve only as an introduction to the other writings of this talented authoress. In the second series of the "Atlantic Classics," lovers of the essay should not fail to read William Beebe's "Jungle Nights."

Once a person has begun to read essays, he will find an almost endless variety of interesting productions in this section of literature that will ever beckon him onward to further conquests.

—Thomas Corcoran '29

Societies

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

After an excellent rendition of Wagner's Tannhaeuser March by the orchestra, the rising curtain opened the Columbian's first major production of the year. What a production it proved to be! The roaring laughter, re-echoing in one's ears; aching sides; the memories of ludicrous situations and of scenes truly pathetic—all will stand as convincing evidence of the dramatic merit of the rendition of "A Pair of Sixes." The uniform excellence of the characters of this play was an important factor in the unusual success of this Thanksgiving presentation. In this presentation the implausible plot and peculiar circumstances vanished as such, only to assume a most definite reality—a reality that held the audience in suspense and elicited sympathetic interest and caused clever amusement. Comments from visitors who witnessed the play in the local auditorium were highly flattering, and not a few regarded it as the best effort of the C. L. S. in recent years.

The characters of Nettleton and Boggs were a constant source of diversion. The bookkeeper, Krome, the office boy, and the shipping clerk handled their respective parts with admirable ease. Mr. Vanderholt, the lawyer, was an interesting blend between crook and hero. Mr. Applegate, the prospective buyer of "Eureka Digestive Pills" and Tony Toler, the salesman, stood out prominently in comparison with the other characters of the play. Sally, the typist, Mrs. Nettleton, Miss Cole, and Coddles were among the best impersonations of female characters ever staged by the Columbian Literary Society.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

George B. Nettleton (Business) ---	Joseph Hartmann
T. Boggs Johns (Partners) -----	Robert Koch
Krome, their bookkeeper -----	Harold Diller
Miss Sally Parker, their stenographer ---	Henry Alig
Thomas J. Vanderholt, their lawyer-----	
	Cornelius Heringhaus
Tony Toler, their salesman -----	Marcellus Foltz
Mr. Applegate -----	Carl Longanbach
Office Boy -----	Paul Uhrhane
Shipping Clerk -----	Cyril Lauer
Mrs. George Nettleton -----	Joseph Norton
Miss Florence Cole -----	Edward Charek
Coddles, an English maid of all work--	Michael Walz

NEWMAN CLUB

After a series of successful private programs, the Newman Club has on its docket for this semester a public program for December 8. Since this program is rehearsing as we are going to press, the detailed account must be postponed until our next issue. The following numbers are included in the program: Introductory address, Thomas Durkin, vice-president; inaugural address, Victor Pax, president; "The Hazing of Valient" by John Baechle; two one-act plays: "The Brothers" and "I Haven't Time."

DWENGER MISSION UNIT, C. S. M. C.

The monthly meeting of the D. M. U., held November 27, was featured by an interesting and well-developed oration, delivered by Joseph Reitz, on the origin of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. In view of financial aid given to the Crusade Castle, the unit was requested by the Secretary of the Crusade to select two of its members to be enrolled

in the Crusade Order of Castle Builders. Joseph Hartmann and Edward Siegman were chosen for this honor. The motion to organize Mission Study clubs was defeated, but it will in all probability be reconsidered at the next meeting. The motions to remail magazines to missionaries and to send a Christmas box to the Indian missions were carried.

RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB

Amid the laughter and encouragement (?) of the older members, the new members of the Raleigh Smoking Club were put through a well-planned initiation. Outside of this feature, the activities of the club have been limited. The recent project of purchasing a radio for the club-room was dropped after thorough discussion and investigation by the committee appointed to consider the matter.

LOCALS

Recent visitors at the College were: Rev. Lawrence D. Monahan, Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. August Kramer, Hastings, Neb.; Rev. Leo J. Brissel, Norwalk, Ohio; Rev. Leo Pursley, Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. Justin Henkel, C. PP. S., Oshkosh, Wis.; Rev. Joseph Hiller, C. PP. S., Detroit, Mich.; Rev. William Hordeman, Frankfort, Ind.; Rev. H. Victor Magsam, Logansport, Ind.

While the first quarterly examinations were in progress, the Chicago Male Quartet gave an entertainment in the local auditorium. To say that the quartet aided considerably in dispelling the usual exam 'blues' is putting it mildly. By their numerous excellent songs; by their good music and acting, the

members of this splendid quartet recalled to the minds of the students those happy days when Mr. Griffith, the Shakespearian reader, held Collegeville audiences spellbound. The repertoire presented on this occasion was greatly varied and highly amusing. Mr. Herrick gave impersonations of characteristic modern dramatic and operatic types in a manner that evoked repeated and loud applause. Mr. Emmons, who sang second tenor, was especially liked in his beautiful "Rose of Picardy." The costumed musical sketches, embracing songs that reached from grandfather's time down to present days in melody and meaning, did not fail to meet with every sign of most lively appreciation. The keynote, however, of the evening's entertainment lay in the jovial and pleasant personality of the leader of the quartet, Mr. Robert Herrick.

Every student felt that the first quarterly examinations were soon to take place. They came, ah, so quick. When the program was announced, the usual late-of-night oil was consumed abundantly in the study halls. But the exams came and went with no serious fatalities. Those students who had used their time to good advantage were rewarded; those who had not used their time so well, found it necessary to make good resolutions for the future.

To the great delight of the students occasion was given them to see "Ben Hur" as portrayed on the screen. This movie was a rare treat, and fond hopes are entertained that chances to see similar movies will not be wanting. All the students who were present at the exhibition of "Ben Hur" are of the opinion that no occurrence; no event which consumes an equal amount of time can give an impression at

once so beautiful and inspiring, as does this, the grandest film, in all the movie-world. This film represents gigantic work; it is a mighty epic. To say that it is a piece of art is mere babble; it is powerful art. The theatre must live through another generation before it can hope to produce another film like "Ben Hur."

The beautiful festivities of Thanksgiving Day are now but mere memories. The high-school students will have good reasons to harbor some unpleasant thoughts in connection with this particular day; whereas for the college students, everything is rosy. The college-high-school football game is the cause of it all. Visitors, however, and students were served a choice number of thrills, as this game was in progress, especially when they saw passes sail through the air, and saw halfbacks cut around ends. The college department won the game by a score of 18-0. After the game, the grand Thanksgiving dinner was in order. Thanks and credit are due to the good Sisters, who prepared this sumptuous feast. During the afternoon the students went to Rensselaer and there witnessed the movie-film, "Annie Laurie." The comedy, "A Pair of Sixes" was staged by the students in Alumni Hall on the evening of the day. The play was in every sense of the word a grand success. Time and again the hall reverberated with bursts of almost unrestrained applause and loud laughter, as the great number of comical situations of this play followed in orderly but rapid succession.

The Faculty register of St. Joseph's shows several important changes that took place at or near the

opening of the present school session. Upon the retirement of the Rev. D. A. Brackmann, C. PP. S., the Very Rev. J. B. Kenkel, C. PP. S. Ph. D. assumed the office and duty of rector. While all miss the congenial presence and kind advice of Father Brackmann; yet it is with sincere pleasure that all welcome Father Kenkel to the position which he now holds. His knowledge, his kindness, and tact give evidence of assured success in his undertakings; besides they command the honor and respect of all those who have been committed to his charge and direction. The Staff of the Collegian feels certain that it voices the sentiments of all the inmates of St. Joseph's by extending to Father Kenkel heartiest congratulations upon his present position, together with sincerest good wishes for every blessing and success.

The Rev. A. Dirksen, C. PP. S. is now studying Oriental Languages at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. His place at the college is filled by the Rev. C. Lutkemeier, C. PP. S. The Rev. H. Lucks, C. PP. S. and the Rev. C. Condon, C. PP. S. have likewise been added to the Faculty. The Rev. F. Hoorman, C. PP. S. has been transferred from the college to the Convent of Notre Dame, Milwaukee, Wis., where he is at present instructor in Ethics and Religion. The Rev. R. Esser has returned from the Catholic University and has resumed his former classes at St. Joseph's. All at the college bid a reluctant farewell to those who have taken up work elsewhere, and at the same time they all desire to express a thrice happy welcome to the new instructors who have taken their places in the ranks of the Faculty.

The Science department has arranged for the use

of films to be screened in connection with and as part of the Chemistry, Physics, and General Science courses. Having proved a success last year this feature is being continued. The film, "Beyond the Microscope" clearly demonstrated the positions of the atoms in a molecule. "Liquid Air" was a highly instructive film. Those who had vague notions regarding the method of liquefying the atmosphere were well repaid for the few minutes which they spent in witnessing the film. Thanks are due to the General Electric Company, Cleveland, Ohio, from whom the pictures were obtained. More films will be shown from time to time during the school year. These films are a profitable supplement to the work in the classroom and laboratory.

The annual retreat, which commenced November 29 in the evening and which extended until December 3 in the morning, was a successful one. The Rev. L. Pire, C. PP. S. conducted the retreat. Incidents cited from his wide experience in the mission field were used by Father Pire as convincing proofs in many of his instructions. That the three days of retreat are considered to be among the most important of the entire year was shown by the manner in which the students attended the services and listened to the conferences. Remarkable delivery coupled with the telling illustrations of The Reverend Retreat Master were two of the most important factors contributing toward the success of these spiritual exercises. The student body wishes Father Pire ever continued success.

We regret that two unintentional errors appeared in our last issue. The following names should appear

on the honor roll of the second year: Alex Leiker, average 96 5-6; and Ignatius Vichuras, average 95.

Alumni Notes

Recent appointments among Alumni clergy in the Fort Wayne Diocese have placed Rev. James Fitzgerald as pastor at St. Patrick's Church, Lowell, Indiana, and Rev. John B. Schaeffer as assistant pastor at St. Luke's Church, Gary, Indiana.

Herman G. Gruse wishes to say "Hello," through the Collegian to the boys of '25.

John Medland, of '24 made a short stopover recently on his way home from Marquette University where he is studying law.

His many friends at St. Joseph's sincerely regret that Rev. Julius Seimetz, pastor of St. Mary's Church at Decatur, Indiana, and a charter member of the local Alumni Association, has found it necessary, because of ill health, to retire temporarily from his parochial duties. In full accord his friends at St. Joseph's extend to Father Seimetz sincere wishes for a speedy and thorough recovery of his former excellent health.

In Memoriam

Death has claimed another of the reverend alumni of St. Joseph's College. Father Gerard Hartjens, C. PP. S. died recently at St. Charles Seminary, Carthagena, Ohio. Father Hartjens was instructor in History and Latin at the college for ten years. Later, he took up his pedagogical duties at Carthagena, Ohio.

Athletics

Junior League Standing

	Won	Lost	Pct.	T P.	O. P.
Iron Horses -----	4	0	1000	83	0
Coyotes -----	2	2	500	39	19
Prospects -----	0	4	000	0	103

Senior League Standing

	Won	Lost	Tie	Pct.	T. P	O. P.
Fourths -----	4	0		1000	60	20
Sixths -----	2	1		666	45	13
Fifths -----	1	1	1	500	19	20
Thirds -----	1	2	1	333	7	38
Seconds -----	0	4		000	13	53

JUNIOR NOTES

Iron Horses 44—Prospects 0. Playing a smashing type of football, the Iron Horses ran through the Prospects for a decisive victory. Lanoue, Jansen, Frechette, and Toth, literally Iron Horse backs, were the stellar performers of the game. For the Prospects, Boltz and Vidmar in the backfield, and M. Vichuras on the line, played a good brand of football.

Coyotes 20—Prospects 0. In the final game of the Junior circuit, the Coyotes snarled and clawed their way to a 20 to 0 victory. Senzig did considerable ground gaining while Biggins at center played a good game. For the Prospects, Boltz and Horstman made some nice gains around end but were unable to score a marker.

SENIOR LEAGUE

Fourths 20—Seconds 7. The Fourths made a clean sweep of the Senior League by defeating the Seconds 20 to 7. Playing a neat running and passing game, the champs had easy sailing in their final game.

The touchdowns were scored by Jim Connor and Billinger. In the second quarter of the game, the Seconds had their say, and said it with a touchdown. Blommer, quarter for the Seconds, did some excellent running, rulling off gains of 11 to 25 yards. Modrijan and Hoover aided greatly in the drive to the goal line.

The Fourth year linemen, principally Weigel, Weiner, and Homsey played an excellent game. For the Seconds, Waple, Zureich, and Byrne were the luminaryes.

LINEUP:—**Fourths:** Krupa, Olberding, L. E. Weiner, Pax, L. T. W. Dreiling, Miller, L. G. Homsey, M. Dreiling, C. Guillozet, Junk, R. G. Vanecko, R. T. Weigel, R. E. Herod (c) Q. Uhrich, Otto, L. H. Billinger, Grot, R. H. Connor, J. F. **Seconds:** Strasser, L. E. Leiker, L. T. Storch, L. G. Novak, C. McCarthy, R. T. Conroy, Byrne, R. E. Blommer, Q. Hoover, L. H. Modrijan, R. H. Wirtz, F. **Officials:** Lauer, referee; Heringhaus, umpire; Anzinger, linesman.

Fifths 0—Thirds 0. Playing a brand of straight football, the Fifths and Thirds battled to a scoreless tie. The thirds played a better game than their opponents, making 14 first downs to the Fifths 7. In the first quarter the Thirds threatened to score, but a pass into the end zone was grounded, and the Fifths carried the ball out of danger from the 20-yard line. The Fifths threatened to score when Anzinger plunged to the 10-yard line. An attempted end run resulted in 11 yards loss, and the Fifths lost the ball on downs.

Anzinger, Hartke, and E. Guillozet were the best performers for the Fifths. On the Thirds, Tatar,

whose running excelled anyone's in the game, Martin, and B. Dreiling played a good game.

LINEUP:—**Fifths:** Hartke, L. E. E. Guillozet, L. T. Zumberge, L. G. Frederichs, Staepleton, C. Rehberger, Nolan, R. G. Nolan, Pollak, R. T. O. Missler, Matthews, R. E. Walz, Q. Spalding, L. H. Schill, Babin, R. H. Anzinger, F. **Thirds:** Kienly, Vorst, L. E. Szmekko, Stock, L. T. Peck, Szaniszlo, L. G. B. Dreiling, Kern, C. Maloney, Elliott, Frankovich, R. G. Bishop, Sheeran, R. T. Bucher, Schmitt, R. E. Duray, Zarrett, Q. Tatar, L. H. Martin, R. H. Boker, Larsen, F. **Officials:** Lauer, referee; Billinger, umpire; Joubert, field-judge; Uhrhane, linesman.

Thirds 6—Seconds 0. In the final Senior game the Thirds broke their losing streak and pushed the Seconds into the cellar by a 6 to 0 count. This game is just another example of the proverbial "breaks" stepping in and deciding the game. After Schmitt had scooped up a fumble on the 10-yard line, the Thirds' backs, in three successive downs, had plunged across the line. The Seconds put up one of the best fights ever staged on the local gridiron, but fumbles occurred twice when touchdowns were only a few yards distant. The Seconds made 7 first downs to the Thirds 4.

For the victors, Tatar, Duray, Schmitt, and Szmekko were in practically every play. Hoover, Modrijan, Zureich, and Byrne were the pillars in the Seconds' offense and defense.

LINEUP:—**Thirds:** Schmitt, Kienly, L. E. Stock, Szmekko, L. T. Maloney, Elliott, L. G. B. Dreiling, Kern, C. Ott, Peck, R. G. Bishop, Schmitt, R. T. Bucher, R. E. Duray, Cross, Q. Tatar, L. H. Martin, R. H. Boker, Larsen, F. **Seconds:** Strasser, L. E. Leiker,

L. T. Storch, L. G. Novak, C. Waple, R. G. McCarthy, R. T. Conroy, Byrne, R. E. Hoover, Q. Wirtz, L. H. Modrijan, R. H. Zureich, F. Officials: Lauer, referee; Heringhaus, umpire; Joubert, field-judge; Uhrhane, linesman.

College Wins 18 to 0. The tie is broken! Two firmly matched teams met on Thanksgiving morn, to fight for the football championship of St. Joe, and the result of the fray is the 18 to 0 victory of the College over the High School. With its plays and formations working in perfect order, the College outplayed the High School. The High School, however, though they seemed to gather all the hard breaks of the game, played bravely until the final whistle brought the contest to an end.

The High School kicked off and kept the ball in College territory during the first quarter. In the first quarter the High School outplayed the College. Early in the second quarter, after Lauer and Barge had carried the ball to the 30-yard line, Barge skirted left end, ran 20-yards to a touchdown, and scored the first marker of the game.

In the third quarter the College opened up with an aerial attack, which, plus fine running by Aubry, netted another touchdown, this time by Lauer. At the end of the third quarter the College had the ball on the High School's six yard line. On the first play in the final quarter, Bill Meyer tore around right end for the third touchdown. During the last four minutes of play, the High School opened a desperate passing attack, but their efforts brought no results.

Lauer, Barge, Aubry, and Bill Meyer were the running stars for the College, while Anzinger, L. Connor, and E. Guillozet played very good football on the line. Billinger and Herod were the outstanding

stars for the High School. On the High School line Huzvar, Zureich and Weigel played on even terms with their opponents.

LINEUP:—College: Anzinger, Reitz, L. E. Zumberge, L. T. E. Guillozet, Rehberger, L. G. Evans, C. Stecker, Anthony, R. G. Pollak, Frenzer, R. T. Connor, L. R. E. Aubry, Wolf, Q. Uhrhane, Bill Meyer, L. H. Barge, Nolan, R. H. Lauer, F. High School: Van Oss, L. E. Weiner, Szmetko, L. T. Waple, L. G. Huzvar, C. Guillozet, R. R. G. Zureich, R. T. Weigel, R. E. Herod, Otto, Q. Tatar, Grot, L. H. Blommer, Billinger, R. H. Connor, J. F. Officials: Puetz, referee; Weis, umpire; Heimann, linesman.

ALL-STAR TEAMS

	Senior I	Senior II	Junior
L. E.	L. Connor	Weigel	M. Vichuras
L. T.	Goubeaux	Pollak	Popham
L. G.	Stecker	Rehberger	Reino
C.	Huzvar	B. Dreiling	Snyder
R. G.	R. Guillozet	Waple	Derry
R. T.	E. Guillozet	Frenzer	Boltz
R. E.	Anzinger	Hartke	Senzig
Q.	Herod	Blommer	Jansen
L. H.	Billinger	Tatar (c)	Toth
R. H.	Lauer (c)	J. Connor	Lanoue
F.	Barge	Wirtz	Frechette (c)

HONORABLE MENTION:—Senior League: Wisser, Modrijan, Hoover, Zumberge, Otto, Conroy, Uhrhane, Schmitt, Van Oss, Wolf. Junior League: Horstman, Vidmar, I. Vichuras, Puetz.

The players whose names appear above have been selected in view of their general football ability and good sportsmanship. To select a representative team from among eighty players is no easy task, but in the

opinion of the writer and according to the judgment of other competent football critics this array of players comprises the best to be found at St. Joe. In order to be fair to everyone, players have been selected, as far as possible, to fill the positions they occupied during the season.

Due to the fact that the Senior League games were more attractive, the Junior lads fought and played all season with very little support from the side lines. Despite this fact, the Junior League has given rise to some good players who will blossom next year in the Senior League. With this notice the football season of 1927 closes at St. Joe.

Free Air---Hot and Otherwise

Plato: "That boy springeth from one who, in his days, tilled the soil."

Cato: "How, O highly exalted one, dost thou deduce that truth?"

Plato: "His very brow is furrowed."

Ski: "I love poetry, don't you?"

Doo: "Yes, particularly White Leghorns."

Stude: "Are you getting subscriptions for the 'Collegian'?"

Editor: (hopefully) "Sure."

St: "Well get me one too, while you're at it."

Boost and grow fat

Knock and grow thin

If you don't like these jokes

Hand some in.

Customer: "Change my egg order to scrambled, please."

Ex-football star: "Signals over, break up the play."

—Ex.

Prof: "Never say 'I ain't going.' You must say, 'I am not going, he is not going, you are not going, we are not going, they are not going.'

Freshman: "Ain't nobody going?"

Kienly: "So you have to take another examination. What's the matter? Didn't you pass?"

Gibson: "Say, I passed so well I was encored and now I have to do it all over again."

Lauer: "I saw 'Ben Hur' when it cost \$2.50 for a seat."

Koch: "How did you sneak in?"

Freund: "Why boy where I come from it takes a half-hour to walk around the public square."

Stroempl: "Yeah—how many times?"

Sid: "I hear 'Ben Hur' is coming."

Vogus: "Ben Hur, in what?"

Prof: "What are you late for this morning, Smith?"

Smith: "Latin class, Sir."

ENCYCLOPEDIA COLLEGEVILLA

Bachelor: A man who must sit and argue by himself.

Expert psychologist: The man who personally

delivers the corkscrew which his friend wished to borrow.

Lunch: What you have for dinner when father is gone.

Optimist: A fellow who takes two pens to an examination.

Thoben: "I instructed the manager of the Sophomore football team to purchase a black bull dog as a mascot."

E. Meyer: "Why a black canine?"

Ted: "So we can easily catch the fleas, if it has any."

Emil: "Why you can not find 'em easier on a black hound than you can on any other kind."

Ted: "Sure you can dumb-bell; 'Mary had a little lambs, its flease was white as snow.' "

Mr: "Would you like to have a one eyed husband?"

Mrs.: "Certainly not."

Mr: "Then let me carry that umbrella."



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